

Back from Her Trip to France

Woman Who Shipped With Pershing's Troops Tells of Sad Home Coming.

BY MRS. HAZEL CARTER.

Editorial note.—This is the final article in the series by Mrs. Hazel Carter, who, as Corporal John Carter, U. S. A., who, rigged out as a soldier, smuggled herself aboard a transport of the United States Navy and was not discovered until five days at sea. In the first three articles Mrs. Carter told how she smuggled herself aboard the Douglas, how she got on the transport with her husband, of the British voyage across the Atlantic, and the final parting with her husband whom she had followed so far.

WHILE I had been saying goodbye to my husband on the deck of the transport the guards turned their backs and pretended to be busy. They told me afterward that when they saw me rush to the rail they had the scare of their lives. They thought I was going to jump over after him. They reached me as I crumpled up on the deck. They picked me up and carried me back to my stateroom prison. One of the boys of the medical division came in and set about trying to bring me to.

The first thing I remember hearing was the voice of a seaman who had been sent on an errand for the "medic." "A woman makes a hell of a soldier," he was complaining. "If they ever got out in a good stiff battle and things began to look tough for them the whole darn army would go to work and faint."

"What are you blowin' about?" said one of my personal guards, who was always willing to give me all the best of it. I was his prisoner, and he was a soldier and didn't care for my picking on me. "A lot a license you have to bawl out somebody. That time the boys kidded you and said they were going to draft the soldiers into the Army and send them out first I thought you had the ague."

"I wasn't feelin' well. I had a chill." "Th, huh! A chill in your feet, that's what you had."

"Well, maybe I did. A guy's got a right to his own ideas about fightin'. I ain't afraid of no submarines nor anything else on this here sea, but I ain't hankerin' to go chasing Germans across No Man's Land nor none of them strange places. If I'm gonna get mine I want to get it on the ocean."

This is often the case. Sailors, who do not know the meaning of the word "fear on the water," will back out entirely when it comes to fighting on land. They seem to be born to the sea. A lot of soldiers hate the water. They would rather fight four years in the Army than four days in the Navy. I've seen campaigners who would walk into a machine gun show a yellow streak from seasickness.

"The kid's all right," said my guard to this sailor, recommending me. "She made a darn good doughboy. If she wants to take a flop because her old man has to go out and make the get beat by a piece of shrapnel or something, let her do it."

"It all came back to me then, why I was here, the goodbye to my husband, the failure of my plans, just when it looked as if I was going to get through clean and maybe go with him to the front. I guess I moaned. I couldn't help it. What did I care now whether they thought I was brave or not? My Sammie soldier man was gone. That's all I could think of."

"She's coming to," said the "medic," feeling for my pulse. "You'd better clear out, all of you. I'll give her something to keep her quiet. She'll feel better after a good night's rest."

I honestly did not know whether I wanted to come to or not. Life looked pretty hopeless with me back there on the transport, not knowing what was coming off at the camp. Then I thought of my husband. He told me to wait for him. Well, I wouldn't disappoint him. There was every chance he would come back and we could be happy again.

Since I got back home I have heard of several cases where the wives or sweethearts of boys who have been called away committing suicide. This is hard to understand. If a woman is lucky enough to win the love of a man who will shoulder a gun and go out and fight for his country and her country, she ought to have enough grit to live for him and do her bit in the meantime.

He wants to come back and find his home or the girl he left behind, and waiting to welcome him. This is one of the things which keeps him going—the thought that the sooner it is over the quicker he will get back home to her.

It didn't take me very long to find out the captain on the boat happened to be one of the gutters. From the portholes in my room I could look out and see the deck.

Kept Under Guard.
A sailor was walking guard up there. He never took his eyes off the porthole. When he saw me come near the opening he looked mighty worried. The captain thought I was a spy and try to jump overboard and drown myself. It would be up to this guard to dive over and rescue me.

"Don't worry," I called to him. "I'm not going to do the Dutch, as we say in the Army."

"You'd better not," he grunted. "The water is awful damp this evening." But he kept his eye on the porthole just the same.

They brought me everything for dinner which they thought would tempt me. I did not touch it. All I did was to walk the floor. Most of the time I cried. For five days and nights I never slept or ate a mouthful of food. The very sight of it choked me.



My Guard Was Always With Me. The Sailor on One Side and the Soldier on the Other.

It was someone bringing goods news for me. Then, when it didn't, I was so disappointed I would start crying all fresh again.

Maybe you can imagine just how I felt. There was the shore, only a stone's throw away. I had braved all kinds of hardships and dangers to reach it. My husband, the trust and best Sammie that ever wore khaki, was there. And here I was a prisoner. I had come all the way, fooled officers, faced submarines, worked and sweated and the best I was to get was a look at it. It drove me crazy. No wonder I could neither eat nor sleep.

A hundred times a night I walked to the porthole and watched the lights twinkling in the town. It seemed closer some way at night. One evening the officer of the ship was walking by with a soldier. My lie was out and they could not see me. He was apparently questioning the private. I did not recognize the silhouette, so I look him for a look.

"You'd better try to get her to go back, but she wouldn't do it," said the officer. "She's one of those babies who always has her own way. I wish she had been my wife for about a minute. What he should have done was to knock her call an ambulance and take her to the hospital. Maybe after that she'd listen to reason."

"Yes, after that there would have been two of us in the hospital," I called through the porthole. "And Uncle Sam would have been minus one perfectly good soldier for a while."

The officer wheeled around. He looked as if he would sell himself for a plugged penny. He started to beg my pardon, but I ducked back into my stateroom in the dark and left him flat. My husband went ashore on Monday. Wednesday one of the boys told me he had been back on board the day before, but the Captain had refused him permission to see me. He begged for it, of course. They kept me in my stateroom while he was aboard. I was bluer than ever. To think he had been right there on the boat, and I had missed him!

That night I kept my eyes on the sailors on watch. If one of them had fallen asleep or gone inside after something, I made up my mind I would go over, take a chance and swim for it. They were the most wide-awake watchers I ever saw. If I had to wait for one of them to weaken, I would die of old age. You've got to hand it to them for that.

Soldiers Get Great Welcome.
They told me the boys were having a great time ashore. The people had given them the keys of the town and were doing nothing but showing the Sammie around. France was turning itself upside down to welcome them.

The French girls were bombarding them with kisses and good things to eat, and the men were slapping them on the back and calling them comrade and more in French as best they could, which was none too good.

"Don't it get your goat to think maybe one of them French dolls is planting a kiss on your old man's brow?" said the guard who brought me the news. I knew he was trying to tease me.

"Goat, nothing," I laughed. "Let them kiss me. A soldier deserves all the kisses he can collect."

The fifth day after I said good-bye to my husband I was up on deck watching the sea, and the men were slapping them on the back and calling them comrade and more in French as best they could, which was none too good.

"That boy typified the spirit of the United States Navy—afraid of nothing, filled with supreme confidence in the ability of the men to shoot quick and straight."

After I landed I saw him in Hoboken, and he was having a romance. He went at it in the same way he would go after the submarine.

"I've got to go up the street to meet my girl," he announced, proudly smiling.

"Where is she?" I asked him. "She works up here at the vaudeville theater," he answered. "She gets through now pretty soon."

I thought he had done pretty well, grabbing an actress.

"They'll be calling you a stage-door Johnny the first thing you know," I warned. He blushed.

"Oh, she don't come out the stage door," he defended. "She's an usher, and she's got my wrist watch. I only met her at 10 o'clock this morning, but I let her wear it today."

"You're a fast worker," I suggested. "Oh, we've got to be in the Navy," he answered proudly. "Whether it's stry in one place long enough to be allowed."

He went off up the street smiling—fine boy, typical of the U. S. Navy—clean and wholesome.

The sentries were not supposed to talk with me, but they were good fellows, and didn't mind breaking a rule or two when it wasn't hurting anybody. I pushed the deck for hours at a stretch. My guard was always with me, the sailor on one side and the soldier on the other. Certainly looked like a popular lady. Many a girl back home would have envied me this escort him from both branches of the service. I guess I almost waited the poor sentries to death. Once, after a long hike I heard the sailor complaining:

"If he don't put on the brakes, my dogs are going to be worn off right up to the ankle. I joined the Navy because walkin' never appealed to me. The way I'm goin' now I might as well have signed up with the infantry." I was still "he" to the Jackie.

One sailor in the gun crew on the way back kept complaining all the time because we did not meet up with a German sub. He was a nice boy, the one who had picked me out as a woman on the way over when he saw me try to roll a cigarette, but kept it to himself. We got very friendly.

"Why do you want to see a U-boat?" I asked him. "Aren't you satisfied with the surface of the sea?"

"We'd stay on top all right with that baby we've got to shoot," he replied. "All we want is just a look at one. You know, the gun crew that sinks a submarine gets \$5000 from the Government, to be divided among the nine men. I guess my share of that wouldn't look good to me and my folks back in Iowa, besides the fun of nipping one of 'em."

"That's right," I said. "I'd like to see what's eatin' them," grumbled the first guard. "She's more of a man than some of 'em back home who can't get away to go to war because they got to support their wife's uncle's second cousin—or than some of those scared rookies we took over with us. I betcha, if she ever got a bead on a Boche, bloozy for him! Eh, Carter—I mean Mrs. Carter."

I was no nearer the reason for my being out there in the ocean, home ward bound instead of peeling potatoes in the mess tent, than I had been before. In fact, today I do not know who to blame. You can't depend on rumors that break out in the Army like a rash. They have a great wireless service.

Up to the time we left, the boys ashore did not know where they would be sent or how soon. All they were told was they would not be sent up to the front, green. When they did go, they would know the game from start to finish. Pershing was taking no chances on losing a single man through ignorance or unpreparedness. He's that kind of a soldier—looks out for his boys all the time.

I was glad to see the tall buildings I knew and those of New York loom up—glad and sorry. It made me think of how different it was going out, the ship like a bee-hive full of our boys. Now, it was empty. They were "over there." As we passed the Statue of Liberty a sentry came to attention and saluted.

"Greetings, old girl," he said. "I see you're still doing business at the old stand. By the way," turning to me, "what are they going to do with you?"

"How do I know?" I replied. "I guess it's the guardhouse for you," he said. "I heard they were going to jug you."

"Prison will suit me fine," I answered. "Maybe, by the time I come out the old man will be back. I might well be in jail as anywhere else. Of course, if they let me have my choice, I prefer to join the Red Cross and try to go over and maybe see my boys—the commanding officer of the Carter family."

I was kept on the ship for a day and a night. Reporters from the newspapers were the first to find me. I don't know what a siege is like, but the Government could make no mistake if they set all the reporters to manning siege guns. They'd never stop until they got the enemy.

One of them came up to me on deck in a big hurry.

"France on this transport with you," he asked. "I'm it," I said. I was still wearing my Red Cross uniform. He looked me over a minute, scratched his head, and exploded:

Juice of Lemons! How to Make Skin White and Beautiful



At the cost of a small jar of ordinary cold cream one can prepare a full quart pint of the most wonderful lemon skin softener and complexion beautifier by squeezing the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white. Care should be taken to strain the juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman who knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, salivaceous and other blemishes, and that lemon smoother and beautifier. Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and mix up a quart pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It should naturally help to whiten, soften, freshen and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. It is truly marvelous to smoothen rough, red hands.—Adv.

CHEAPER FEED NECESSARY

Fodder, Straw and Other Roughages May Be Utilized.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—"It is time to quit shoveling grain indiscriminately into livestock. Good livestock farming demands it and the need of more food requires it. Feeding grain to meat animals with a lavish hand is responsible for one of the greatest feed losses on the farms of this country. Hay, fodder, silage and pasture are the cheapest feeds and will carry animals along with a minimum of grain. Keep the frames of young animals developing on these cheap feeds. Withhold the full grain ration until the finishing period arrives. Breeding cattle may be wintered on the cheaper feeds."

This advice of animal-husbandry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture to stock feeders is not emergency service only; it is the sound logic of meat production, which American farmers must learn if they are to compete successfully with European meat producers in the coming generations. These are good days to learn the lesson of feed conservation. In Farmers' Bulletin 873, "The Utilization of Farm Wastes in Feeding Livestock," specialists tell how to use these cheaper feeds in rations for cattle, sheep and horses.

A tremendous waste of feeding stuffs occurs annually on American farms, according to figures presented in this publication. In 1914 about 120,000,000 tons of straw were produced in the United States. Of this amount 55 per cent was fed to livestock, 15 per cent was burned, 8 per cent sold and 22 per cent plowed under or otherwise disposed of. Corn stover produced in the United States is estimated at 245,253,000 tons, of which 81 1/2 per cent is fed to cattle.

MARINE CORPS REJECTS MORE RURAL YOUTHS FOR POOR HEARING.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—That the country youth is unable to hear so well as his city brother, and that only about one in five of the former possess the auricular acuteness of the city-bred lad is the opinion of officers of the head of marine corps recruiting in this city. Their deductions are based on the number of country boys rejected for poor hearing.

Many persons believe that the continual jarring noises of the city have a tendency to dull the sensitiveness of the nerve centers. However, this is not borne out by the figures of the Marine Corps officers, who believe that the quiet life of the country, free from noises, has a tendency to weaken, through disuse, the responsive nerves in the hearing apparatus.

Scientists point to innumerable parallels in nature where the disuse of an organ gradually reduces its functioning power or eliminates it altogether. The blind fishes in the dark pools of Mammoth Cave are a notable example.